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Raindrops in the Afternoon

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Erin Clipner
Raindrops in the Afternoon

they came that afternoon
you remember which one
when your mother wore that wide green sash
the one she loved so with her pink party dress
and her wide-brimmed straw hat that she wore
when she trimmed the roses and thinned out the carrots
thick and leaning in the warm earth of the garden.
you were in the tree

the one your mother liked to keep
to shade her guests from the heat
of the afternoon sun
as they talked of things
that you were too little to understand
or at least that's what mother told you
shushing you into the house
with her pale garden gloves.

the rain trickled in slowly that day
you remember
how it licked your face with its cool kisses
leaving streaks

like tears
on your own pale party dress.

And away went mother's guests
who wore their own yellows and blues and greens
and walked slowly to their automobiles
hiding from the spattering of tears
from the oppressive clouds that hung over
the garden

and the tree's branches bent
that day in the wind.
and you watched the rain fall
from your favorite spot by the kitchen window
with your face pressed against the glass
wetted by your own tears
and the sky wet your sidewalk and your patio and
your favorite tree—
the one mother liked to keep
to shade her guests from the heat—
with its own tears.